

EDITORIAL SYMPOSIUM.

What Some of the Leading Newspaper Men Think of Writing Women Who Call Upon Them.

New York, Sept. 4.—[Correspondence]—The number of women in quasi-professional life has somewhat taken the chill off of the atmosphere, but the situation is still a little strained. A timid knock at an office door—for a woman's idea of politeness obliges her to knock—or a bit of pasteboard, with a woman's name, is still apt to cause a thrill of apprehension. To many men the rustle of a woman's skirts indicates an emergency to be dealt with, and they brace themselves accordingly. To women it is both annoying and amusing, that in such a serious and necessary affair as bread winning, they cannot be accepted naturally. They feel so inoffensive, so relatively unimportant, and in many instances are entertaining such an apologetic mental state, that they are unable to realize their power to strike terror. It is this inability which really makes them more objectionable than nature ever intended them to be under any circumstances. Otherwise they would quickly translate all those little indications by which men show their nervous apprehensions into one eloquent plea—"cut it short."

But women having brought themselves to the point of making known their errand, the endeavor to conclude it presents another problem. The art of leaving off has not always been successfully acquired even by men. Moreover, courtesy always seems to women a little rude. These are the real reasons why women are apt to take up a good deal of time, and why men dread them more, for example, than they do procrastination.

A woman of affairs was appointed to head of committee before a great ecclesiastical dignity. Feeling her responsibility, she had a preliminary rehearsal and vainly endeavored to impress the members with the necessity of speaking briefly. After the visit was over she could only console herself with the thought that she had begun buttoning up her jacket before the ecclesiastical stood up.

Women who have had experience are usually able to state their desires at reasonable length; but most men do not know this, and exercise themselves unreasonably, which involves unnecessary time in restoring them to their usual calm habits of attention.

Editors of newspapers may be accepted as experts on this subject. No class of men receive so many visits from women. Every pretext, real or fancied, has been handsomely worked. There is no reason so serious and no folly so airy that has not had its special pleader in newspaper offices. It has been a question of how far editors appreciate their privileges. The most prominent of the New York editors have kindly consented to give me their opinions based, each man, on his experiences. On the whole it will be seen that they carry themselves chivalrously.

Mr. Charles Miller, editor-in-chief of the New York Times, says:

"I would as soon have a woman call on me at my office as a man. I do not find a woman's wishes more difficult to dispose of; on the contrary, I believe they come more directly to the point and state their business even more briefly than men. There is a reason for it. Being naturally a little timid about coming to a newspaper office they have prepared themselves. They have thought over what they want to say, and have their ideas arranged before they come in. A man, who is likely to be more at his ease, is consequently more discursive, and takes up more of our valuable time."

"And do you find that women conclude their business with equal promptness?"

"Yes women have natural tact, and I find are quick to perceive when an interview is over. It might be much more difficult to signify it to a man. The women who come to the Times office have usually something that justifies the errand. Cranks, I find, are of two sexes, and as a rule they do not frequent this office. Of course when a crank of any sort proves a nuisance, the boys are warned that that person is to be denied hereafter. The greater number of women who visit us have articles they have written or want to write. But even for this purpose most women use the mail, so that their visits are neither numerous nor burdensome."

Mr. Miller's assertion that cranks do not frequent the Times office recall the fact that most of the newspapers here have their own peculiar following among the ranks of the undisciplined. Another editor, a subordinate, assures me that owing to

the attention once given to reforms by his editor-in-chief, now gone to a land where all is reformed, that a large part of his time on duty was given to the repression of cranky reformers. "There is nothing I am now so much afraid of," he says, "as a woman with views."

WHAT MR. LORD OF THE SUN SAYS.

"Women seem to be taking a more active and more important part in the business affairs of life," said Mr. Chester S. Lord, managing editor of the Sun. "At least a great many more women send their cards to my desk than were sent five years ago—so many, in fact, that the presentation of a woman's card has ceased to be a novelty. There are four or five of them every afternoon, and sometimes a dozen. I am glad to see them; they are almost always interesting."

"You astonish me. I thought business men thought women's visits tiresome?"

"Not at all," responded Mr. Lord. "Almost all come here with an idea and a purpose, and no two of them are alike. To be sure, nearly one-half of the women who come here at this particular time of the year want to write letters to the Sun from the watering places, or they are going on the regulation two months' trip to Europe, Paris and Switzerland and would like to 'pay expenses, you know.' But this is the migrating season, and we expect them just as this month we expect the annual crop of graduates who drop in to make the preliminary arrangements for 'entering on a journalistic career.' I suppose twenty women have called on me this month with reference to writing letters from Bar Harbor this summer."

"What do you say to them?"

"I patiently explain to them that the Sun doesn't want the cut-and-dried watering place letters. But it does want anything interesting, whether it is from Bar Harbor, Oskosh or Pout-sing Foe. They always assure me that they never wrote anything other than interesting matter, and they are sure they can please, and won't I give them a letter saying they are a regularly appointed correspondent, which they can show to the railroad superintendent and hotel proprietor. When I tell them we cannot do that they go away very sad—that is, almost all away, but once in a while a persistent one remains and robs my life of all its joys by her persistency."

"How do you finally dispose of the persistent one?"

"Almost all persons, men as well as women, need only the most delicate hint of a desire to end an interview. It doesn't amount to a hint, even, as a rule. When I have finished and my time is pressing I have only to very slightly change my tone of voice and mention any other trivial subject and my visitor usually prepares to go. If that is not sufficient, while yet addressing myself to her, I carelessly reach for any manuscript or letter or newspaper that may be on my desk, and I hold it in a manner that will indicate it was about to receive attention. If this proves of no avail, which is very, very seldom, I am bound to say the case becomes serious and less delicate methods must be employed."

"But women who come here are rarely tiresome. They bring articles that they have become interested in and on subjects of which they can talk in an interesting manner. They come to plead for a young singer or artist, to solicit work for a friend, to invoke aid for some charity, or to find employment for themselves. As a rule, they are very much in earnest before they essay to climb stairs in order to explain their subject and endeavor to interest a stranger. You might better ask what are their emotions in sending in their card, than ask me what are mine on receiving it. Almost always they are embarrassed and nervous, and usually state their business in very few words."

"You have some queer visitors, I suppose?"

"Some of my visitors have very queer missions."

"Two women called on me about a year and a half ago and explained that their husband and brother had been discharged from one of the public offices, and they unrolled a manuscript about four yards long which contained a series of charges against the head of the department. They wanted this printed to show him up." There is another intelligent woman who has been to me a number of times. Her burning desire seems to be to lighten the burdens of the working women. To my certain knowledge she has, within the last few years, obtained employment in factories, feathermaking establishments, hat-trimming concerns and other places, and has written out every little, trivial grievance, but has not yet presented to me anything of a serious enough nature to warrant the calling of its attention to the public."

"It is comparatively common for women to ask the newspapers to assist in 'breaking' a policeman or obtaining the discharge of some petty official for some trivial misconduct. Ladies who

band together with a view of correcting any public evil, instituting reforms or organizing charities, usually send a committee to plead their cause. And usually, I am bound to say, the committee is successful."

"No. I don't think that one woman in a score of those who visit me on business is in any sense tiresome, unbusinesslike or unwelcome."

COLONEL ELLIOTT SHEPARD ACQUIRES AN ART.

How quickly Colonel Elliott Shepard has acquired the tricks and manners of his new calling will be seen. No veteran could have more effectively entrenched himself.

"Are we not all brothers and sisters?" he answered cheerily, on being asked if on receiving a woman's card in office hours he buckled on his armor to deal with the occasion.

"Where man is should not woman be by his side?" he continued. "Mankind, that is the word, but does it not include women. Shall I ever forget a dear old lady friend whom I laughed at for counting herself in that comprehensive word? She replied with a show of indignation, 'Elliott Shepard, am I then beast, bird or fish? A word like that said to an impressionable boy, as I was then, sinks deeper than lessons learned in later life. So I say, men and women are brothers and sisters, going through life side by side.'"

"Your theory, Colonel Shepard, is all that is lovely, but what of its good report? How does it work in practice?"

"Well, when a woman comes to me and wants to be a reporter, I tell her it is hardly her place. She wouldn't want to be sent to a fire or to a police court; nor do I think she ought to be a compositor and work in with a room full of men; and how sad to see a woman a bar-maid. But women make splendid stenographers, typewriters and telegraphers; and, I'm sure, when I want to buy a pair of gloves I'd rather be waited on by a woman than a man."

"But the point is when a woman comes to you and wants to be a reporter, and you tell her what you have said to me, does she accept that answer, or does one want to urge the question?"

"Very likely, for as soon as you give her one reason she makes it two."

"Your paper would naturally attract here a number of women, for women are notably interested in reforms."

"Well," and Colonel Shepard's eyes twinkled, "a good many women call on temperance matters, but those I send up to our temperance editor, Hon. Albert Griffio, of Kansas."

"Oh, you have a buffer. That is admirable."

"The women who come on educational matters are referred to the college editor."

"Two of them!"

"You see these delicate matters readily fall into the routine of the office and dispose of themselves."

M. G. HUMPHREY.

Little Women

are as a rule, possessed of happy dispositions; but when these sweet dispositions become soured and irritable, in consequence of the long train of distressing features peculiar to female complaints, they are then not companionable to say the least. It is the duty not only of little women, but of all women so afflicted, to bring about the subjection, and immediate removal of these painful maladies. This is easily accomplished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great specific for "female weaknesses." It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapse or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anorexia, retroversion, bearing down sensations, chronic congestions, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation and tenderness in ovaries, and kindred ailments. All druggists.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

A Dilemma With Horns Presented To Henry Ross.

A few days ago Henry Ross a colored man was fined and in default of payment was sent to jail. Prior to his incarceration in jail he had engaged himself to marry a dusky damsel of Lincolnville on the 7th of September. That day arrived yesterday and he being in jail and in trying to adjust the matter satisfactorily he found himself confronted with a numerous horned dilemma and he was greatly puzzled to know which horn to lay hold of. It he paid the balance of his fine not paid by staying in jail he found that he would have to pay his board amounting to \$20 but if he remained in jail until next Tuesday he would be released without paying a cent. If he stayed in jail he would miss his wedding, but there seemed to be but one thing to do and that was to postpone the wedding and stay in jail until that time and use the money he would have to pay to be released and go on a wedding tour. Henry says he will bet that he never gets in such a snap again.

THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

A Five Thousand Mile March By General Kearney's Army.

Interesting Notes From the Dairy of Private Sheridan of Col. Doniphan's Regiment.

Continued from last Sunday's BAZOO.

Sept. 24.—We proceeded a little beyond Albuquerque and crossed the Rio del Norte into Mexican Territory and proceeded five or six miles when we went into camp. We celebrated our advent into the Mexican republic to-day by drawing molasses and rice from the commissary for the first time and also by a regular built battle between Johnson and Sansdall. They quarrelled about a trifle when the latter picked up a club, but threw it down again and the two went at it fist to fist. Sansdall caught Johnson's neck handkerchief and gave it a sudden twist which forced him to throw up his hands and shout "take his hands off my necktie." Sergeant Wicklin stopped the fight.

Friday, Sept. 25.—We marched twelve miles. Col. Price of G company arrived from Santa Fe bringing Col. Jackson's commission with directions from Col. Doniphan for the regiment to march in the manner as will best preserve the stock. Col. Price said that as soon as his regiment reach Santa Fe the troops will all be concentrated and the march to Chihuahua begun. The great difficulty this army has to contend with is the want of transportation. The teams from the states are always broken down by the time they reach Santa Fe and nothing less than two or three months rest will put them in order to travel.

Saturday, Sept. 26.—Col. Jackson intended to march only four miles, but it proved to be as many leagues before we came to water. When within a few miles of the place we camped, the bluff of the table land presented a rare sight. Rocks of all descriptions and sizes have tumbled into the valley below as the clay was washed from under them. Huge masses broken in exact squares, as smooth and perfect as if cut with a chisel, sandstone marble, jet black and snowy, which lay together in a confused mass in beds of plaster of Paris and a red dirt, resembling cinders. I believe that at some time, probably before the Christian era, there has been a volcanic eruption which has brought these widely different kinds of stone together, but I can't account for their square and smooth appearance. There are no marks on the blocks like chisel marks. Both of our wagons came into camp to-night.

Sunday, Sept. 27.—We celebrated to-day by putting on clean clothes and taking a rest.

Monday, Sept. 27.—Dan Harrison and Johnson had a fight this morning, but as usual nobody was hurt. The country over which we traveled to-day was table land with deep ravines. At the foot of the bluff for about three miles is a great bed of pure plaster of Paris. We passed through narrow valleys encompassed on both sides by steep precipices and on the rocks we noticed engravings of horses, elks and other animals made by the Pueblos. We camped at Lagoon, a small Pueblo Indian town. The inhabitants were exceedingly hospitable. They took our horses to graze and gave us all the melons we could eat. They are much finer people than the Spaniards. In one of their droves of sheep I saw one black one with four horns. I had been told that such sheep existed down here, but never believed it until I saw them with my own eyes. Two of the horns came out of the side of the head and hung down while the other two extended up from the top of the head.

The Pueblo women are finer than any I have seen. They have big, dreamy looking eyes, fine white teeth and a splendid figure. They don't hide the figure either with many clothes. A girl is counted a woman at the age of 12 and she is usually married soon after that, but prior to the time of her arrival at womanhood she don't wear any clothes, not even as much as Mother Eve did. The women and girls ride horseback like the men and some of them are remarkably fine riders. A few days ago a party of Navajoes raided the town and killed a woman and two children. This morning the Pueblos in return went out and brought back four scalps and had a big war dance to-night. We were just in time to see it.

The dance first commenced in the council house but afterward adjourned to the public square, when thirty-two warriors in their best dress with a plume tied to their hair, and hanging down their back and armed with bows

and arrows, they danced in a column of two ranks. Their faces were painted black with white under their chins. On each side was a line of squaws facing inward and the men facing about held their hands over them as if pledging protection and support. The squaws were dressed in their best, after the fashion of the men the music was furnished by an old Indian who pounded upon a drum and sung a tiresome song. Near night a rug was placed in the middle of a circle of warriors and a squaw seated upon it, while the warriors holding their weapons over her head danced around. An old squaw with the scalps tied to along cedar twig, raised them up and waved them about. This was a signal for the children to join in the dance. The little tots not 3 years old engaged in the dance and went through every movement without missing a step. Some women over 100 years old danced perfectly and with great vigor.

After dark the chief went around and made every man woman and child join in the dance. After while the warriors broke ranks and left in a body to capture the Navajo chief, and promised to bring him to Sebalietta by the time we reached there. The women and children danced around those scalps all night.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are prescribed by the leading physicians of Michigan, its home state, and are remedies of unequalled merits for rheumatism, blood disorders and liver and kidney complaints. It comes with the highest endorsements and recommendations as to its curative virtues. W. E. Bard, druggist.

Frank Campbell's Death.

The Terre Haute, Ind., Express, Aug. 31 contains the following notice of the death of a former Sedalia citizen:

The remains of Frank L. Campbell were brought from Indianapolis Wednesday evening for interment. Mr. Campbell was for many years a resident of Terre Haute, being a brakeman on the Vandalia road for seven years. Last November he moved to Sedalia, Mo., where he was employed in like capacity on the M., K. & T. railroad. In March last he was injured in a wreck, his collar bone being broken and his spine injured. He recovered sufficiently to work again, but the improvement in health was only temporary, as he soon had to abandon work and came to Terre Haute, about six weeks ago he went to Indianapolis for medical treatment, but to no avail. Mr. Campbell grew steadily worse, and for the past two weeks was bedridden. He leaves a wife and three children, the youngest only three weeks old. Mrs. Campbell is the daughter of Mr. James Soden, from whose residence, 626 north Center street, the funeral took place.

J. F. Smith & Co., proprietors of Smith's Bile Beans, are now making small size Bile Beans for convenience of children, women and all persons requiring but a small dose of medicine. Price same as regular size, 25c per bottle.

The Police Court.

The court had a very rare case to dispose of yesterday morning. A woman, Mrs. Lucy Bowman, of good reputation, was before the court on a charge of being drunk on the public streets. The prisoner, with her husband, run a laundry on East Fifth street. They are an industrious couple and have beautiful little daughter 13 years of age. The court assessed a fine of \$5, but granted a stay on her promise never to touch a drop of intoxicating drink again.

Bob Stewart a white man about 30 years of age was arrested Friday night on a charge of loitering about the city and unable to give a good account of himself. Stewart said that he had completed a term of five years in the penitentiary and was making his way out of the state as rapidly as possible and when arrested he was watching for a chance to board a freight train for Kansas City. The court granted him a stay on condition that he left town on one of the west bound trains this afternoon.

The Martyr.

Various versions of this piece have been seen on the American stage within the past three years under the title of "Loves Martyr" and "Renee de Meray." That used by the Goldenes is by J. H. Ligon, a skillful worker in this line of human endeavor and is entitled "The Martyr." Filial love is the essential theme of the play, and it is emphasized, or idealized with lofty significance and profound impressiveness. The self imposed disgrace of a wife for the sake of her mother's honor or will doubtless seem an inadequate motive for a plot, at least to the Saxon temperament; but in France where filial affection is more sacred than conjugal fidelity, the deep and abiding effect of this drama is readily to be imagined.

Notice.

Bids for furnishing coal to the Sedalia School District for the ensuing year will be received at the office of the secretary up to Tuesday, September 19th. Before contracts are closed, samples for inspection must be furnished.

9-4d6t.

W. A. FAST, Sec'y.

School Books at Dexter's Book Store.

First Complete Fall Stock.

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Are always the first to open new goods. This season we show superb lines of Foreign Dress Fabrics and trimmings that will please you. Our Dress Goods Department is a big store in itself, containing low price goods as well as the high art fabrics and everything will be sold at rock bottom prices. For instance we show 18 different shades in 36in Henrietta cloth at 20c per yard, and about 20 shades of Twills and fancy worsted at 15cts, and 30 pieces of 40in Habit cloth in choice colorings all wool at 50cts. (This is a world beater) Beautiful lines of Henrietta of foreign manufactures at 50c, 75c and \$1.00, and don't fail to see our elegant lay out of Imported Suitings in Plaids, Stripes Checks, Side Brands, Mixtures, etc. The latest styles in market. We have the stock and are prepared to make prices which will make competition quiver.

Belfast, Ireland, Handkerchiefs.

We show a most beautiful line of Irish linen Handkerchiefs, we only ask you to visit our store and see the beautiful new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. 200 dozen Hem-Stitched Ladies' Handkerchiefs in fancy borders at 5c each or 60 per dozen.

Table Linen Department.

Ladies, we call your attention to our Table Linen, Napkins and furnishing Department; special bargains await you. See our real Turkey Red Tableings at 9c per yard, or our all Linen, fancy border Tableings at 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c best value ever shown. Our stock is very complete in every department and courteous attention is shown all who visit our mammoth store.

Yours very truly,

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DR. J. H. CODY,

The only graduate optician in the city has charge of the optical department at Townsend's jewelry store, 230 Ohio street, Sedalia, Mo. Persons made to see who have not been able to read for years, artificial eyes inserted, spectacles and eyeglasses adjusted and all errors of refraction corrected. If your eye itches, matter, burn or feel tired after using them or you have granulated lids frequent headaches or cross-eyed you should call and have them examined and corrected.

Examination and consultation free.

Geo. W. Townsley.

A NOVEL DICKER.

A Windsor Gentleman Attempts to Purchase the Interest of a Rival

For the Affection of a Young Lady, But she Objects to the Trade.

A gentleman living at Windsor, reports a queer case. It appears that two gentlemen, W. H. Smith and F. S. Gray, of that city, were rivals for the smiles of the fairest of the fair Windsor damsels, Gray desiring to have the field to himself, gave Smith a pocket knife and a Masonic pin on condition that he cease to pay his attentions to the lady. The lady was indignant when she heard of the transaction, that she was only valued at the worth of a pocket knife and a pin, and advised Gray, that he had better regain possession of his property. He claimed that the trade had fallen through because Smith was unable to deliver a clear field, but Smith claimed that a quit claim was all the contract required him to do and refused to return the property. The parties will settle the case in court. The girl is as mad as a wet hen and is getting madder every day.